THE
Vauxhall Concert, Part I.

1621. 8. 2

BEING A

ollection of SONGS, Sung this and the laſt Seaſon, at Ranelagh Houſe, Vauxhall and Marybone Gardens, Sadler's Wells, at both the Theatres, &c.

CONTAINING,

1. Will of Aberdeen,
2. Cupid's recruiting Serjeant,
3. The Milk Maid,
4. A vice to the Fair Sex,
5. To fly like bird from grove to grove,
6. The Lady's Addreſs to all Fair Maidens,
7. In purſuit of the Fox and the Hare
8. The Politic Shepherdeſs
9. The Pleaſures of Retirement,
10. A Scotch Song,
11. As Dickey the Miller was very well known.
12. Early one morning as I was a walking
13. Tea and Brandy,
14. Saw you my Father
15. To pleaſe me the more and to change the dull ſcene,
16. Happy hours all hours excelling.
17. The Wonder, Sung at Vauxhall
18. A New Song in Mi...et,

Sold at the Printing Office, in Stonecutter Street, Fleet Market.

WILL of ABERDEEN,

A favourite Scotch Ballad, ſung by Mrs. Hudſons in Vauxhall Gardens.

WHILE other find in cheariul lay
And praiſe the charms of ſummer gay,
By love inſpir'd I'll tune the ſtrain,
O praiſe my bonny, beſt lov'd ſwain:
For none among the ſwains I've known
Have ever had ſuch kindneſs ſhown;
And ſure no ſwain was ever ſeen,
So blithe as Will of Aberdeen.

So ſweet his form, ſo gay his air,
He wins the hearts of all the fair;
And much I have their envy mov'd,
To be by ſuch a ſwain be lov'd;
But who can blame me if I'm kind,
To one of ſuch a gen'rous mind;
For ſure no ſwain was ever ſeen,
So true as Will of Aberdeen.

At eve he meets me in the grove,
And ſues me to reward his love;
Say can I then refuſe a youth,
So much inclin'd to love and truth;
O no, I'll be his wedded wife,
And bleſs him with my love for life!
For ſure no ſwain was ever ſeen,
So true as Will of Aberdeen.

Cupid's recruiting Serjeant.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos' iſle of old I come
To raiſe recruits with merry fife and drum,
The queen of beauty here by me invites
Each nymph and ſwain to taſte of ſweet delights,
Obey the call, and ſeek the happy land
Where captain Cupid bears the ſole command.

AIR,

Ye nymphs and ye ſwains who are youthful and gay, (you may,
Attend to my ſong, and be bleſt while
Lads and laſſes hither come to the ſound of the drum. (have ſeen
I have treaſure in ſtore which you never
Then haſte let us rove to the Iſland of love, (queen,
Where Cupid is captain and Venus
Each nymph of ſixteen who would fain be a wife, (for life,
Shall ſoon have a huſband to bleſs her
Then laſſes hither come to the ſound of the drum, (never have ſeen,
I have ſweethearts in ſtore which you
Then haſte let us rove, &c. (queen,
Where Cupid is captain and Venus is
Would a ſwain but be bleſt with a nymph to his mind, (ſhall find,
Let him enter with me and his wiſh he
Can bleſs him for life, with a kind loving wife, (ſeen
More beautiful far than was nymph ever
Then haſte let us rove, &c. (queen.
Where Cupid is captain and Venus is
In Paphos' we know of no diſcord nor ſtrife, (happy for life
Each nymph and each ſwain may be
In tranſport and joy, we each moment employ (yet ſee
And taſte ſuch delights as were never
Then haſte let us rove, &c. (queen
Where Cupid is captain and Venus

The MILK MAID.

THE Lark proclaim'd return morn,
When Dolly tript acroſs the lawn,
Young Colin follow'd with his ſ
She went to fill her milking pa

He lov'd and beg'd she'd hear him now
She answer'd she must milk her cow,
He lov'd and beg'd she'd hear him now,
She answer'd she must milk her cow.
He sighing vow'd he lov'd her more,
Than ever Youth did Nymph before,
With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
And press'd the fair one in his arms,
She bad him keep his distance now,
Nor hinder her to milk her cow, milk her cow
Nor hinder her, &c.
Fair Maid he cry'd could you approve,
An artless Shepherd's honest love,
Yon little farm yon flock is mine,
All with their master's heart is thine,
Then beg'd she wou'd his flame allow,
She answer'd she must milk her cow, milk her cow, she answer'd, &c,
Not so repuls'd the comely youth,
With kisses prayers and vows of truth,
So pleas'd the nymph she smil'd consent,
And to the church they instant went,
His flame she did not disallow,
But quite forgot to milk her cow, milk her cow, but quite forgot, &c.

ADVICE to the FAIR SEX.

A favourite Rondeau.

Sung by Mrs. Hudson in Vauxhall Gardens.

WHEN the shepherds seek to woo,
Mind them, lest they faithless prove,
But if once you find them true,
Fear not to reward their love,
Let not beauty make you vain,
Men of worth deserve your care;
Never give a lover pain,
If you find his heart sincere.
Love, the source of ev'ry joy,
Asks whatever we can give,
Love should ev'ry hour employ,
'Tis for love alone we live.

A New SONG,

Sung by Miss Jameson, in Vauxhall-Gardens.

TO fly like bird from grove to grove,
And wander like a bee
To sip of sweets and taste of love,
Is not enough for me.
No fluttering passions wake my breast
I wish the place to find,
Where fate may give me peace and rest
One Shepherd to my mind.
To every youth I'll not be gay,
Nor try on all my pow'r,
Nor future pleasures throw away,
In toyings for an hour.
I would not reign the general toast,
Be prais'd by all the town,
A thousand tongues on me are lost,
I'll hear but only one.
For which of all the flattering train,
Who swarm in beauty's shrine,
When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
Will court their sure decline?
Then fops, and wits, and beaux forbear,
Your arts will never do,
For some fond youth shall be my care,
Life's chequer'd scenes through.
My little heart shall have a home,
A warm and shelter'd nest
No giddy flights shall make me roam,
From where I most am blest.
With love and only that dear swain,
What tranquil joys I see!
Farewell ye false, inconstant train,
For one is all to me.

The Lady's Addreſs to all Fair Maidens.

COME hither a'l ye fair maidens
Take warning how you love a man,
For like a bright ſtar in a ſummer's morning,
When day appears then they are gone
They'll talk and tell a ſtory,
They'll vow and ſwear they love you true,
But that is all to blaſt your glory,
That's all the love they have for you.

I myſelf had once a ſweetheart,
He vow'd he lov'd me as his life,
But that was all his falſe pretences,
For to make me his lawful wife;
I was in his eyes a precious jewel,
So tender was his love to me,
He ſwore his heart did burn like fuel,
Whenever he my face did ſee.

But know alas! it is all over,
He little thinks on what is paſt,
In Cupid's chains we're link'd together,
For to remain while life doth laſt,
May the heavens bleſs the happy woman
That does enjoy my jewel right,
He's wit and beauty more than common
On him I plac'd my whole delight.

I wiſh I was a pretty ſwallow,
I quickly into the air would fly,
And my falſe hearted love I'd follow,
Whene'er he talk'd I would be by.
Whene'er he talk'd then I wou'd flutter
All on his breaſt with tender wings,
And aſk him who it was that flatter'd,
And told him ſo many deceiving things

A New SONG,

Set by Mr. ARNOLD.

IN purſuit of the fox and the hare,
What joys and what comforts abound?
But I am alone in diſpair,
Since Sylvia's not there to be found.
When I join with my friends round the bowl,
What raptures I view in each face?
But Sylvia poſſeſſes my ſoul,
And no pleaſures her form can eraſe.

I have told her a tale of ſoft love,
As we ſat in the cool myrtle ſhade,
But nothing I ſaid could remove
Her ideas of being betray'd.

O! could I but make her my wife,
I'd bid ev'ry folly adieu;
And reſolve for the reſt of my life,
To center my wiſhes with you.

The POLITIC SHEPHERDESS.

A favourite Comic Ballad, ſung by Mr. Vernon, in Vauxhall Gardens.

AS lately I rambled the meadows along,
To hear the ſweet linnet's and goldfinch's ſong
I met with young Phillis, the pride of the green,
As blooming and lovely as beauty's queen
Well met pretty maiden, I ſaid with a ſmile,
Pray why in ſuch haſte? can't you tarry a while
Young ſwain, ſhe replied, pray purſue your own way,
For here with a ſhepherd, 'twere folly to ſtay
I tremble to think you ſhould meet me alone,
So if you'd oblige me, I prithee be gone
You men are deceivers—not one of you true,
Perhaps you'll be rude, and then what ſhall I do
Dear Phillis, thou charmer, I tender'd the ſaid,
Do you think I would harm a youthful innocent maid
Believe me, dear maiden, I ſcorn to beguile,
And therefore oblige me, and tarry a while
I want but to whiſper a word in your ear,
And though we're alone, you have nothing to fear

All this may be true, the dear charmer replied,
You men paſs for ſaints, 'till your ho(nour is try'd,
But they who believe ev'ry promiſe you make,
Will ſorely repent when they find their(miſtake:
So pray let me go, leſt I find you untrue
For ſhou'd you be rude, I mayn't know what to do.

Believe me, I anſwer'd, my heart is ſincere,
I long have ador'd you then what ſhould you fear,
You cannot ſuppoſe I'd attempt to give pain;
To one whoſe affection I'm ſtriving to gain,
I aſk for no favour but what you may grant,
A kiſs, and no more, is the thing that I want
A kiſs may undo me, ſhe anſwer'd, then ſay,
Will you wed me next morn, if I tarry (to day?
O yes, I replied, I will take you for life,
For all that I wiſh is to make you my wife:
Do this then, ſhe ſaid, to convince me you're true,
Then ſhou'd you be rude, I may know what to do.

The PLEASURES of RETIREMENT

WElcome peaceful, calm retreat,
Far from common Ills of fate,
Welcome joys before unknown!
Ev'ry Pleaſure, ev'ry Bleſſing.
Ev'ry Bliſs that's worth poſſeſſing,
Here delights and here alone.

Let aſpiring minds purſue,
Dang'rous Greatneſs, gilded Woe,
Tortur'd with ambitious Care;
Here ſuch empty Dreams deſpiſing,
Far from falling, as from riſing,
I avoid the tempting Snare.

Heaps of Wealth amaſs'd in vain,
Give the ſordid Miſer pain,
Waking dread his Boſom rends;
But Content my wiſhes bounding,
And ſoft Peace my Bed ſurrounding,
Downy Sleep my call attends.

Fraud and Envy, Guilt and Fear,
Breed no dire Confuſion here,
Perfidy no Refuge finds;
Here no Superſtition reigning,
Crowds of fancied Ills containing,
Preys on weak, unthinking minds.

Innocence and ſpotleſs Love,
Truth and Honour round me rove,
Exil'd from the guilty Town:
Chearful Studies time beguiling,
Wing the Moments, ever ſmiling,
Till my lateſt Sands fall down.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Set by Mr. Worgan, and ſung by Miſs Jameſon, in Vauxhall-Gardens.

BECAUSE the fickle ſhepherd's gone,
To win ſome other fair,
Don't think that I'll be left a lone,
A prey to ſpleen and care.
Whilſt here he ſtay'd my heart was glad,
No other ſwain was dear;
But ſince he cannot now be had,
He is not worth a tear.

To plantive ſtreams I'll never go,
Nor haunt the dreary grove;
I was not born to yield to woe,
Nor die for ſlighted love.
By Strephon's falſehood thus ſet free,
I am myſelf again;
Another lad ſhall do for me,
And charm away my pain.

For why ſhou'd memory wound my mind,
And chill my future joy?
When other ſwain is fond and kind,
'Tis folly to be coy,

Young

Young Strephon tries to ſpoil my reſt,
But friendly love ſays, no;
What love now whiſpers muſt be beſt,
And where he bids, I'll go.

But if the next ſhould turn untrue,
And wander far away;
Then welcome is the face, tho' new,
That ſmiles to make me gay.

Tho' all the ſex ſhou'd falſely rove,
And from their vows depart;
Yet conſtant to myſelf and love,
They ſhall not break my heart.

A New SONG.

AS Dickey the miller, its very well known,
One day he did meet with his ſweet-heart Joan,
And as ſhe was dreſt in her holliday cloaths,
And going a viſiting as I ſuppoſe.
Fol de rol lol.

Says Dick I never did ſee you ſo fine in my life,
And what ſay you Joan, will you be my wife,
And let us go down to yonder green grove,
For I long to taſte of the pleaſures of love
So down they went to yonder green grove,
And all for to taſte of the pleaſures of love,
And if this be the pleaſures of being a wife,
Says Joan I ſhould like it all days of my life.

Then home ſhe run, quite pleas'd to the life,
And told her old mother ſhe muſt be a wife
For Dickey has got my maidenhead,
And to morrow with me he ſays he will wed.

You ſaucy huzzey, brazen face,
I have a good mind your ſides to baſte.
And now you have your virginity ſtain,
You never can be a right maid again

Soon after, the farmer as I underſtand,
He married this pretty girl out of hand,
Since Dickey the miller he gained her love,
Poor Roger he father'd the child that (was got in the grove,

A New SONG.

EARLY one morning as I was a walking,
There did I hear of a famous fine hunting,
It was between ſome gentlemen and the Duke of Buckingham,
So early as I was a walking.

CHORUS.

There was Dido, Spendigo, Gentry him he was there oh!
Old Trowler who ne'er looks behind him
There was Counteſs and Rowler, Bonny Laſs and Jowler,
Theſe are the dogs that will find them.

Our Fox being young and the ſport juſt begun,
Straitway he took into the harbour,
It was up the higheſt hill and down the loweſt dale,
Expecting his life for his labour.
There was Dido, &c.

Johnny walks o'er the main, and trips it over the plain,
Bold Watkin's is horſe never fails him,
Then for ever and a day to his hounds he did ſay,
Hark away! hark away! all together,
There was Dido, &c.

Our Fox being young and our ſport was almoſt done,
Straitway he took into the river,
Old Dido he jump'd in and after him did ſwim,
Saying now we will Triumph for ever,
There was Dido, &c.

TEA

TEA and BRANDY.

YOU young men all both far and near,
Liſten a while and you ſhall hear,
Take care you're not drawn in a ſnare,
By the girls that do love brandy.
Wack Fal lal, &c.

Tittle tattle now goes about,
When the firſt jorum is drank out,
The land ord jumpt nimbly about,
And in both hands brings brandy.

The table's plac'd, the cloth is ſpread,
Says yellow Molly I am a maid,
Fain would I kiſs, but am afraid,
My ſpark ſhould ſmell the brandy,

The landlord he makes this reply,
'Tis on your backs girls you muſt lie,
Pray which of you would this deny,
A diſh of tea or brandy.

The girls then ſpoke with hearty voice,
To have them both is our choice,
'Twill make a fair maid's heart rejoice,
To drink both tea and brandy.

If there's an alehouſe in the town,
We'll pawn our ſmocks and alſo gown,
And ten times more I will lay down,
But we'll have tea and brandy.

And when that we have drank our fill
Then we go home with free good will,
The devil take the ſpinning-wheel,
For we love tea and brandy.

Now to conclude and make an end,
Of theſe few lines that I have penn'd
I hope they will not want a friend,
To give them tea and brandy.

In comes ſmiling Peg,
Come play me up the other jig,
My apron is ſhort my belly is big,
By drinking tea and brandy.

SAW you my FATHER.

A Favourite Scotch SONG.

SAW you my father,
Saw you my mother,
Saw you my true love John;
He told his only dear
That he ſoon would be here,
But he to another is gone.

I ſaw not your father,
I ſaw not your Mother,
But I ſaw your true love John;
He has met with ſome delay
Which has cauſed him to ſtay,
But he will be here anon.

Then John he up aroſe,
And to the door he goes,
And he twirled, he twirled at the pin;
The laſſie took the hint
And to the door ſhe went,
And ſhe let her true love in.

Fly up, fly up,
My bonny grey Cock,
And crow when it is day;
Your breaſt ſhall be,
Of the beaming gold,
And your wings of the ſilver grey.

The cock he proved falſe
And untrue he was,
For he crowed an hour too ſoon;
The laſſie thought it day,
So ſhe ſent her love away,
And it prov'd by the blink of the moon

A NEW SONG.

Sung at Vauxhall Gardens.

TO pleaſe me the more and to change the dull ſcene,
My ſwain took me oft to the ſport on the green,
And to every fine ſight wou'd he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd leaſt my heart ſhould grow weary of home.

To

To yield to my ſhepherd, ſo fond and
ſo kind, (behind
I left my dear cot and true pleaſures
And oft', as I went ſaw 'twas folly to
roam, (at home
For falſe all the joy was that grew not
To flirt to be prais'd was to me no delight
I ſigh'd for no ſwain with my own in
my ſight; (to roam,
Then how could I wiſh all abroad thus
When love and contentment were al
ways at home.

Like the birds in the cage, who's been
kept there ſo long, (glad ſong,
I'm bleſt, as I can be, and ſing my
I aſk not again in the woodlands to
roam, (my home.
Nor chuſe to be free, not to fly from
Ye nymphs, and ye ſhepherds, ſo fro
lic and gay, (ments away,
Who in roving now flutter your mo
Believe it, my aim ſhall be never to
roam, at home
But to live my life thro' and be happy

A New Love SONG.

HAppy hours, all hours excelling.
When reſt'd from crowds and
noiſe,
Happy is that ſi'ent dwelling,
Fill'd with ſelf poſſeſſing charms.
Happy's that contented creature,
Who with feweſt things is pleas'd,
And conſults the voice of nature,
When of roving fancy eas'd.
Every paſſion wiſely moving,
Juſt as reaſon turns the ſcale,
Every ſtate of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail.
Happy man who thus poſſeſſes,
Life with ſome companion dear,
Joy imparted ſtill increaſes,
Griefs when told ſoon diſappears.

The WANDERER,

Sung at Vauxhall, by Miſs Cowper

CEASE a while, ye winds to blow
Ceaſe ye murmuring ſtreams to
flow,
Huſh'd be every ruder noiſe!
I long to hear my lover's voice.

Here's the Brook, the Rock, the Tree,
Hark! a ſound! I think 'tis he;
'Tis not he, yet Night comes on,
Where's my lovely Wanderer gone?

Loud I'll ſpeak, to make him hear,
'Tis I who calls, my Love, my dear
The Time is come; why this Delay?
Alas! my Wanderer's loſt his way.

Here he comes what joy to me,
To enjoy his ſweet company,
Now all pleaſures wedding joy,
And I am bleſt with my wanderin
boy.

A New Song in MIDAS,

LOvely Nymph aſſwage my a
guiſh,
At your feet a tender ſwain,
Pray's you would not let him la
guiſh,
One kind look would eaſe his pain.
Lovely nymph aſſwage my anguiſh,
At your feet a tender ſwain,
Pray's you wou'd not let him la
guiſh.
One kind look wou'd eaſe his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts yo
He need not long ſue in vain,
Prince of ſong, of dance of ſports
You ſcarce will meet his like again
Did you know the lad that courts you
He need not long ſue in vain,
Prince of ſong, of dance of ſports,
You ſcarce will meet his like again

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